John Parker

# The Meriden Recorder.

LUTHER G. RIGGS, Editor and Publisher. A Paper for the Million—Independent in Everything—Neutral in Nothing. TERMS—Two Dollars per Year, in Advance.

Devoted to Matters and Things in General—to the Good, the Pure, the True and the Beautiful, in Particular.

VOL. 2. WEST MERIDEN, CONN., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1865. No. 36.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OBIT.

## The Meriden Recorder.



"IN GOD WE TRUST."

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OBIT.

A GREAT and good man has gone to his eternal reward. ABRAHAM LINCOLN is no more! How wonderful, how rapid the transition from an exuberance of joy towering mountain-high to a bitterness of grief whose depth is unfathomable! A week ago, and we were jubilant over the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee! To-day a whole nation laments the untimely death of its great head! Never has the Republic of America witnessed a more solemn and mournful event: never had it a Chief Executive it could less afford to lose: never was there a time when his loss would have been more deeply felt or more widely deplored.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has fallen! "He was a man who take him all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has fallen! Every mournful face, every emblem of grief, every monument of his past official life "speak more eloquently of his greatness and more sadly of his loss than silver-voiced oratory or glowing eulogy."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has fallen! His every fault has been washed away in a martyr's blood—his mortal name has put on a glorious immortality—"his every human weakness was raised in power when he fell a victim to the wrong he had so long been humbly and hopefully striving to right."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has fallen! But "*In God we trust.*" "*The Lord of hosts reigns.*" Let this affliction turn our eyes to HIM who alone can remove the darkness from our path and make the future of the nation to shine with increased brightness.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is no more! He died by violence at the hands of *American Slavery!* that sum of all villainies, and the author of nearly all the sins and criminal devices of the nation in this nineteenth century!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is no more! Oh! *Slavery!* thou fearful scourge, why shouldest thou raise thy bloody, fratricidal hand against so excellent a man, "tender as a child, with a heart overflowing with kindness and good-will even to his foes—a man enchanted with peace and its enjoyments, [illegible] war and bloodshed."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is no more! Oh! *Rebellion!* thy scarlet hand should have been palsied ere it were raised to take the life of a President who yearned toward the Prodigal Son, and fain would have killed the fatted calf on his return to his father's house! Were not the record of your previous crimes sufficiently revolting in the eyes of the whole civilized world—your fiendish attempt to destroy thousands of innocent women and children by a general conflagration in New York—your starvation of helpless federal prisoners at Andersonville—your wholesale murder of men, women and children at Fort Pillow—was not all this enough—must you out Herods Herod and piling Pelion upon Ossa cap the climax of your terrible atrocities and earn a place in history beside the Catalines and the Borgias in the execration of the human race, by taking the life of THE FATHER OF THY COUNTRY!

"*Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay*"!

## The Literary Recorder.

LUTHER G. RIGGS, EDITOR.



WEST MERIDEN, APRIL 26th, 1865.

### A Spring Idyl.

WRITTEN FOR THE MERIDEN LITERARY RECORDER, BY KATE KENDALL.

THE lamps afar through Landon wood
Just glint across the meadow:
The light-house keeper's star is lit,
And sunset is half-shadow.
We've hunted boxberries to-day,
And laughed and wondered whether
Th' inconstant days are after all,
Not sweet as summer weather.
The Aprils come—the Aprils go;
And still I question whether,
Are not these skies
With tender eyes
As sweet as summer weather!

The sunbeams and the weeping mist—
Their pathways intersecting—
Paused, looking down, surprised to see
The waters each reflecting,
As if a bride and widow stood,
This double-minded weather,
Abraiding up their hair before
One looking-glass together.
The Aprils come—the Aprils go,
And still I question whether,
Are not these skies
With tender eyes,
As sweet as summer weather!

Upon the willow's mourning bough
The Dove of Hope is singing;
The wandering foot will often find
The sweetest flowers up-springing
From the grave of sainted grief;
The rainbow of to-morrow
Is but the cloud of yesterday,—
A beauty born of Sorrow.
The Aprils come—the Aprils go,
No more I question whether,
These changeful skies
With tender eyes,
*Will bring me* summer weather!

### Our Great National Loss.

WRITTEN FOR THE MERIDEN LITERARY RECORDER, BY MARY A. DUNHAM.

I.

OUR land has "put on mourning" this spring day,
And joyful notes from loyal hearts have fled;
O, weep ye skies, withdraw each golden ray!
For *he*, our country's second sire, is dead!

II.

Shot by a dastard foe! black plot, well laid!
Bold deed! causing a nation's cheek to pale,
Its heart to quiver with Pain's piercing blade,—
Making *Hell* laugh, *Heaven's* hosts their faces vail.

III.

Had not that ball been hurled by murderous hand,
Or, had some fell *disease* the passport been,
To bear his soul to the eternal land,
*Then* could a small voice still our hearts' wild din.

IV.

The nectar of late news still tasted sweet
Upon our lips, when fell a weight, like lead,
Upon our hearts, smooth'ring joys fair and meet,
As our ears caught the words, "LINCOLN is dead!"

V.

Our country's ruler gone! great man and good!
On whom has fell his mantle, righteous, pure?
O, who can fill *his* place? and make us feel
That we're a nation grand, that shall endure!

VI.

FATHER of Destinies, reveal Thy face
To us! Give light to cheer our darksome way!
O, Justice, [illegible] shall feel its power to slay!

### On the Death of A. L.

WRITTEN FOR THE MERIDEN LITERARY RECORDER, BY SIMEON JONAS, SR.

IT is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the turf is but newly laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the soul that's fled,
Nor how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

'Tis the tear through many a long day wept—
Through a life by his loss shaded;
'Tis the fond remembrance sadly kept
When all lighter griefs have faded.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Mrs. M. B. Wright, having received reliable information that her milkman, Tyler, had given utterance to sentiments of satisfaction at the cowardly act of assassination upon our chief magistrate, very quietly informed him that he need not trouble himself to stop at her door, in future, as she could not, conscientiously, patronize any one who could rejoice at the nation's calamity. Mr. Tyler undertook to explain the matter, but the evidence was too conclusive, and he drove away minus a good customer. We like this spirit, and wish it might be universally practiced in all such cases.

## ADDRESS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE

*PRESIDENT LINCOLN,*

IN THE

West Meriden Congregational Church, April 19th, 1865,

BY THE PASTOR, REV. HIRAM C. HAYDN.

[REPORTED FOR THE MERIDEN RECORDER.]

II SAMUEL, iii, 33-34.

"A PRINCE and a great man has fallen," and a Nation clothes itself in sackcloth and sits down to weep. Death has entered the Capitol of the Nation, and its Chief Magistrate is no more of earth. That which stands as a solemn fact before us all, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," is hightened in significance when so towering a victim is chosen, and he who centered in himself the hopes of a great people is the shining mark for the deadly shaft.

That which under any circumstances would have fallen crushingly upon the hearts of the people, now comes aggravated by the atrocity of bloody crime. Feelings of horror mingle with our grief, as we think that he, who was loved and revered at home and abroad—who has borne so faithfully and so well the burdens of official position in most trying and critical times—who rallied the hopes, enlisted the hearts, and wielded the forces of the nation in times dark with tempest, and swayed, now by glowing expectations and now by sullen despair; now rocked by party feeling rising almost to frenzy of madness, and now calm as the ocean when its waves dashing wildly against granite cliffs fall back defeated, and confess themselves powerless to move or even stir their massive strength—that such a man, raised up of God for such a work; a man so pure, so true, so magnanimous, so forgiving to his enemies and the foes of country, should fall by the hand of an assassin, the creature of this despicable slaveholders' rebellion and tool of this infamous [illegible]. This adds to loss, the burning sense of wrong. The question is not now whether the lamented Chief Magistrate erred on the side of leniency toward these arch traitors, but the fact that one so kind at heart—one who mistakenly thought he could discern the reflection of his own spirit in every fellow-man, and who trusted that as he would wrong no man, so neither would any man wrong him; that such an one should fall in such a way, O, this blackens the blackest page of crime which history has recorded since Jesus fell a victim to Jewish rage. How fitting the lament of the good king David over the murdered Abner—"Died he as a fool dieth?"

"As a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou." Called from his western home by the suffrages of a great people, to the highest official position in their gift, he accepted this great honor and sacred trust in a time when the waves of rebellion were already beginning to dash wildly around the "Ship of State"—when official impotence and villainy had embarrassed or betrayed every public interest, and the leaders in this great crime had already destroyed the nice balance which preserved the Union of the States, and corrupted the politics of the South by grossest and most fraudulent misrepresentation of Northern designs, on the one hand, and hopes of a grand and imposing slave empire as Utopian as ever lured on the Spanish cavalier in quest of gold and paradisaic fields on the other. That sacred oath of office he took for the first time, when the North was divided in sentiment, and great encouragement was given to Southern treason in arms by Northern traitors in citizens' clothes—when men long trusted were proving themselves false in every capacity civil and military—when there were no precedents to fall back upon, but a way was to be made through the fiery surges of war, or a nation must cower in mean submission to a yoke as despotic as that of Nero, or betray the trust of other generations and the hopes of the world, and lie down and die. From the day he was first declared elected, they have thirsted for his blood—they have sworn vengeance upon him; they banded together to take his life. But God spared him through those four eventful years—spared him to be once more and overwhelmingly declared the people's choice, and again to take the oath of office, with words that will not soon be suffered to die. Yea it will be remembered to his immortal renown, that in those inaugural addresses, the noblest style of man speaks out. It will be marked, that words so conciliatory, so expressive of love to country—the whole country, and of reverential trust in God, and of the justice of our Cause, could not be trodden under feet, but that a harvest of wrath must ripen, and who should gather it need be no problem.

God spared him to write his name just under that of the immortal Washington. Neither of them great in individual traits of genius, but great in their many-sidedness, their symmetry and balance of character, and in their fitness for troublous times, when the people, under God, want a leader they can trust, whose integrity and patriotism can never be questioned, and whose judgment if not hastily formed is almost certain to be right. Names ever to be associated together in our National History, the one as Father, the other as Savior of his Country. Both were great in their faith, strong in the confidence of the people, pure in their intentions, generous to their enemies, faithful to their country—b[illegible]h a voice for the world—living [illegible] themselves, nor for any age alone, b[illegible] for mankind and for coming ages! God spared him to see the grand uprising of the people, when they willingly offered themselves and their treasures on the altar of Country. At his summons a million of men have sprung to arms to live or die for Country. At his word hundreds of millions of treasures have been freely poured out to meet the expense of civil war and perpetuate the forms and the spirit of Republican Institutions. Encouraged by his Proclamation of Emancipation, the bond-men of the South have shaken off their fetters, burst open the doors of their prison-house, and risen up to assert the dignity of Manhood, to claim the rights of citizenship and to fight for the Cause of Freedom.

God spared him to see the corner-stone of this infamous Conspiracy slide from under the feet of them who laid it with a prophecy that it could never be shaken—to witness the severest ordeal of Republican Institutions and the sublime spectacle of a people self-governed, bearing themselves more royally than ever did the subjects of any realm boasting its centuries of monarchical sway—to see the breaking up of the enemy's legions, the fall of their strongholds, the doom of their Capitol, the flight of their officials, the end of war and bloodshed, the dawning of the day of Peace. O years most memorable! History most significant! Revolution the most marvellous the world has ever seen! Borne on the topmost wave of these fast-coming events, wafted upward on the prayers of millions of hearts—when the rancor of party strife was ebbing, and the hearts of the people, North and South, East and West, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, were coming to beat more nearly in unison; while the air was rocked by the acclaim and [illegible] by the prayers of rejoicings thousands; busied with great thoughts of peace and final adjustment; from this high pinnacle of glory, God has called him and he has vanished from our sight!

He sleeps with the thousands of our honored dead, as truly a victim to the Spirit of Rebellion—as truly a sacrifice to the Genius of Liberty, and a martyr for the defence of constitutional government, as any of them.

On such a day as this, in our country's annals, the sun shining in his strength, never rose. Death has entered the high places of trust and power before, but never under such circumstances of aggravated woe. It remained for the bad spirit of this accursed revolt, to do this foulest deed, this crowning impiety. And now from every village, and hamlet, and city, from hovel and palace—from every patriot heart—from the ranks of our honored braves crowned with unfading laurels—from our navies riding proudly the waves of ocean and river—from our hospitals where men who have seen the stern realities of war lie patiently suffering or slowly dying—from millions of Africa's dusky sons and daughters, goes up one long, sad wail of mourning for him whom the people loved and honored: and the dirge of our sadness will be echoed back from European shores by the masses of the people, and the noble few who have stood by us and spoken for us, through all these years of bloody strife and foul aspersion.

Sleep on, honored chief. Thy monument is a Nation saved. The tablet of thy worthy deeds is a Nation's heart. Thy name is written among the few immortal ones, and thy noblest doing and daring was in behalf of Truth and Righteousness, of Justice and Humanity.

Sad as are these moments, when conflicting emotions fill the breast, when our thoughts fly swiftly between the Past and the Future, and our words ought to be weighed and sober, not hurried and passionate, we should strive to catch the lessons of Divine Providence, so solemnly forced upon us.

1. We are taught a lesson of unfaltering trust in God. "Put not your trust in princes; nor in the Son of Man, in whom there is no help." Out of the silence and gloom of this hour, comes the voice of the Almighty: "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the Earth." Still may we say, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

He, who has wrought deliverance for us and whose guiding hand has led us, whose ear has been open to our cry, will not forsake us in this hour. He calls us to himself. He bids us, wait, and see the salvation of God. Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face. We shall see, if not now, that out of this great calamity He can bring the mightiest forces arrayed for Truth and Righteousness, for Justice and Humanity, and so, for the carrying out of His sublimest purposes respecting this People. The wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath will He restrain. "This God is our God forever and ever; He will be our guide unto death."

2. God is showing us more and more clearly the character of the foe with whom we have to do, and teaching us by most emphatic warning how to deal with this Rebellion and its leading spirits. Insolent in its inception, insolent in its continuance, it is insolent in its death. The breeding which characterizes the Southern chivalry, comes out in these tragic moments, brandishing its instruments of death, red with the blood of the innocent. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Then may they who have grown up under such influences to the stature of stalwart traitors, learn the first principles of republican government and conduct themselves as worthy of citizenship in this great Republic. They have sworn that they would not live with us under that starry banner. *Let them keep their oath!* They have plotted for the life of the Republic, and the bloodiest Treason stains their hands. *Let them know that Treason is crime, and* THAT *crime is death!*

"*Sic Semper Tyrannis,*" cried that bloody murderer, brandishing his weapons of death over the dying form of one, whose mercy and tenderness of heart were conspicuous before the world, and whose greatest fault was his leniency toward the enemies of his country. *Read that Motto in old Virginia by the Gibbet of those Rebel Chiefs!* This is not Vengeance, but Justice enthroned in Law! It may be, that only thus could we be roused to Justice. It may be that God saw that the work of re-construction should be committed to other hands. God knoweth; but for us the path is clear. Righteousness is the stability of Nations, and righteousness has its terrible side.

3. God summons us to repentance for our personal and National sins. This day are we called upon to humble ourselves before Him, and bewail our transgressions. O, the madness of sin! O, the woe it brings with it! O, the desert that will surely be meted out to it! While every heart asserts justice should be visited upon the perpetrator of this atrocious crime, O, bethink you of the system we have nursed, whose child he is, and humble yourself under the mighty hand of God, whose judgments have fallen heavily upon us! You who shudder and draw back from such a crime against goodness and purity in the high places of the land, let me ask, how have you treated the Greatest and the Best? Think you of that Son of Man, Son of God, the Perfection of Beauty, whose claims are laid upon you, whose matchless perfections claim your love, and whose mercy offers you salvation from sin and death, and restoration to the favor of God. And how have you treated Him? O, turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? The sands of life are fast running. Probation is closing. Repent. Repent. Prepare to meet thy God.

One word more. To-day God summons us afresh to stand by our National faith, and in the midst of our grief, to consecrate ourselves to the interests of National Unity, Righteousness and Justice. Individuals die, but the Nation lives. For him who has assumed the responsibilities of the chief magistrate of this Nation, let our prayers ascend to God. Forward let us go, under him as our leader, till this great work is ended. In the name of our God let us lift up our banners, "till our light rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noonday."

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OBIT.

### FUNERAL OBSERVANCES.

***UNION SERVICES IN THE CHURCHES.***

***The Demonstrations of Grief.***

MERIDEN IN MOURNING.

Meriden, like every other town and city in the land, was in deep mourning, last Wednesday, for the honored and beloved late President of the Nation, His Excellency ABRAHAM LINCOLN, over whose murdered body the funeral solemnities were in progress at the National Capitol.

Shops, manufactories, stores, and places of business were closed, all labor was suspended, and our citizens generally gave more or less evidence of their unmeasured grief. Nearly every private residence was draped in mourning — a few elaborately, many humbly modest yet tastefully. On the Reform School, and nearly all our large manufactories, floating at half-mast was the Starry Banner of the Union of the States, which Abraham Lincoln had, by a heaven-inspired wisdom, protected through four long years of dreadful peril, and caused "in glory to wave o'er *the land of the Free* and the home of the Brave!"

SERVICES IN THE CHURCHES.

The union meeting at the Corner Congregational Church was very largely attended. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. E. M. Jerome, after which the pastor, Rev. H. C. Haydn, delivered a sublime address (elsewhere reported) from II Sam. iii, 33–34.

The union services at Meriden were held in the Center Congregational Church. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. F. Brown, of the Methodist Church. The pastor, Rev. Joseph J. Woolley, then delivered an able extemporaneous address, from Genesis, i, 10: "And God saw that it was good." He reviewed the late President's character as a Christian, a Great and Good Man, a Reformer, and a Martyr. In answer to the enquiry, "What aimed the blow of the assassin?" he replied, "*The Sin of Slavery,* the last blow that the deadly serpent struck in its expiring agonies." President Lincoln, he said, "died a martyr to his absolute and positive antagonism to Slavery." "If" he said, "George Washington had the reputation of having never told a lie, Abraham Lincoln has the reputation of never having knowingly swerved from the path of duty." The speaker now took a hopeful view of the matter. "As our late great leader fell like a falling star, another gleamed in heaven's firmament." The minister found encouragement in the feelings of the people—in the great uprising of the masses and in the popular sentiment which was determined to put down and crush out the assassin—to crush at once and forever the impulse that assassins get for the perpetration of their crimes. Men who but a week ago dared to connive at Slavery, now are resolved that it shall at once and forever be extirpated. After reviewing the character of our present Chief Magistrate, Andrew Johnson, and referring briefly to his brilliant public life, Mr. Woolley closed by calling upon the congregation to witness, that however he had in the past refrained from preaching against Slavery, the abomination and the criminal wickedness should hereafter by his lips and in his pulpit be unsparingly denounced.

The Rev. Mr. Brown followed in a few supplementary remarks. He pronounced a glowing eulogy on the virtues of the lamented deceased, and concluded that if the years of a man's life are to be numbered by the good that he has accomplished, then history would record that in the four years of Abraham Lincoln's administration, the second Father of his Country had lived a full century.

THE PROCESSION.

At the conclusion of the religious services, at two o'clock, p. m., Charter Oak Engine Company, No. 1, (Charles H. Warner, foreman,) proceeded from the Corner Church to their engine house, from whence, preceded by a drum band, and marching to the slow and solemn music of the Death March, while bells were tolling paraded the principal streets of the town. The engine and hose carriage were elegantly draped, and covered with flags and evergreen wreaths. The thanks of our citizens are due the firemen for acquiescing so willingly in the request to make a public parade on so important an occasion.

It is an occasion of general regret that our well-drilled military company did not think well of joining in the procession and paying their last tribute of respect to the memory of the lamented dead.

THE DRAPERY OF THE TOWN.

The display of mourning emblems, festoons and hangings of black and white, admit of no very extensive variety of design. We can refer but briefly to the more noticeable demonstrations which were noted down by a chiel in his "walk about town;"

West Meriden Congregational Church—pulpit hung with black broadcloth relieved with white gimp — table curtained with black English crape, on the table a basket of magnolias and camelias—recess back of pulpit festooned with large American flag, over which was looped black and white drapery, while in the center hung a full-length portrait of the Martyred President, draped with black crape and relieved with white flowers and ribbon—the entire front of the gallery, and the organ, hung with black and looped with white.

West Meriden Post Office and W. A. Butler—hanging of black and white, portraits of the deceased President draped.

Hon. O. H. Platt, George A. Fay, Esq. and *Recorder Office*—festoons and hangings of white and black, the Stars and Stripes furled and draped, motto: "*In God we Trust.*"

Home National Bank, D. S. Williams and Mrs. Mary Parker—heavy black hangings festooned with white, extending across front of building, show-windows tastefully decorated.

Tooley & Gladwin—black and white hangings, small flags drooping to the right and left, portrait of Mr. Lincoln draped.

Meriden House—black and dark drapery with white festoonings.

Mrs. M. B. Wright—very tastefully decorated—pillars wound with black, drapery forming an arch; small flags, Union down, drooping right and left; portrait of the late President draped in mourning.

Rogers's Hotel—heavy black hangings caught up with white, white pendants at the corners and in the center.

N. F. Griswold—white curtains looped up with black, black and white tassels.

W. H. Greene—heavy festoons of black and white.

Dr. A. H. Churchill and F. J. Wheeler—black and white hangings.

James A. Huggins—handsomely draped.

Joel H. Guy—broad black and white ribbons tied to handle of door-bell.

I. C. Lewis & Brother—black and white festoons, show-window draped.

William M. Smith — heavy festoons of black cloth, fringed, with pillars of same. Elegant and tasty.

The Widow Fenn—festoons of black and white drapery, wreath wound with black and white. Quite pretty.

Dr. James Wylie — one of the prettiest and most expensively draped houses in town —sixteen windows full-sized white curtains with heavy black border—Episcopal cross.

Dela Carter—black and white hangings drooping [illegible]

S. O. Church—black and white [illegible]ons over piazza, small [illegible] right and left, rosettes of black and white ribbon.

Mrs. L. A. Couch—black crape festooned with white ribbon.

Dr. G. H. Wilson—wreath of evergreen encircling portrait of A. L.; pillars draped in black and festooned with white.

The Misses Brooks and C. H. Collins—pillars wound with black and white, black and white festoons, large flag over piazza draped and furled, black and white curtains. Black and white flags from windows on the south side of the house. Exceedingly pretty.

Rev. H. C. Haydn—black and white cambric festooned.

Horace C. Wilcox—pillars wound with black and festooned with white, drapery forming an arch over portico, small flags drooping to the right and left.

Albert Foster—pillars wound with black, cornice hung with black and white in festoons.

Lyman Smith — Stars and Stripes displayed at half-mast over cupalo, pillars encircled and festooned with black and white, piazza draped. Very show, and the finest display in that part of the town.

P. J. Clark — tastefully and elegantly draped—large American flag partly furled and festooned laying across the doorway, portico and pillars festooned with black and white bombazine.

Abraham Norwood—pillars wound with black and white cambric, arching of same over doorway, festoons of black and white caught up with cord and tassels.

Mrs. George Beach — portrait of A. L. draped, festoons and hangings, black and white curtains, small flags draped.

Joseph E. Beckett — portrait of A. L. draped in white and black, under piazza festooning [illegible] black and white cambric.

Alonzo Williams — white curtains spangled with black stars.

Linus Birdsey—very tastefully decorated —north window, black border, white background, small flags drooping right and left; south window, black and white curtains looped, display of mourning goods.

E. A. Kelsey—(store) festooning of black and white, small flags draped, black and white muslin caught up over the door; (residence) Star Spangled Banner partly furled and draped, wide black hangings festooned with white ribbon.

John Ives—In show-windows white background festooned with black, black and white hangings, display of mourning goods.

Harrison W. Curtis—wide black crape festooned over front door.

Lemuel J. Curtis — wide broadcloth festooned over front door with white ribbons, broad black and white ribbons on bell knob.

Edmund Parker — small flags elegantly draped and artistically crossing the panneling of front door, miniature flags draped and displayed in each window.

A. H. Curtis — Star Spangled Banner draped and furled, black and white curtains at the windows.

Meriden Post Office — black and white hangings festooned, portrait of A. L. prettily draped.

Perry A. Miles — large national colors, Union down and draped, covering entire front of saloon.

Charles Foskett—black drapery over front door, tied with broad white ribbon.

Charles Parker—pillars wound with black and festoons of black and white covering cornice—small flags draped and drooping right and left.

Lyman Clark — heavy festoon of black cloth and white tie, over portico.

E. A. Bell — pillars wound with black muslin, also forming arch over portico.

Timothy Fisher Davis—festoons of black cloth and white cord and tassels over front door, black and white ribbon on bell knob.

Town Hall—no drapery! no flag displayed!! no nothing!!! Whose business was it to attend to the matter? We know who promised to do so, but who did not!

Timothy J. Coe—festoons of black and white cambric over piazza and extending down pillars.

N. C. Stiles — festoon of black cambric extending along piazza.

Union Store, D. F. Southwick and E. F. Pierpont—hangings of black muslin, festooned, extending along front piazza.

Miss Motley—very tastefully arranged—in show-window, white muslin curtains spangled with black stars, small flags festooned, black rosettes, ribbons festooned.

Morgan Hall—large flag draped.

George W. Lyon—verandah heavily and handsomely draped with black cloth and tassels.

Mrs. L. A. Barnes—show-case tastefully draped with white and black; bouquet of white artificial flowers. Pretty.

E. B. Everitt—portrait of A. L. draped in black.

P. Hall—black and white hangings, show-windows trimmed with white and black in festoons.

71.2009.085.00813

## IN MEMORIAM.

### A. L.

### APRIL 15th, 1865.

WRITTEN FOR THE MERIDEN LITERARY RECORDER, BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I.

The startled nation, with suspended breath
One instant stands
Like a good vessel as it strikes the sands
And reels, in audience with such a death—
And then—and then—
There surges o'er the tide of mourning men
Such horror as no land hath ever known
In any era or in any zone.

II.

Oh! cause accurst!
By traitors nursed!
Though shining marks were stricken down
When soldier-martyrs won their crown,
And though along the battle's front
Fell those who bore the battle's brunt,
Still, still, oh! feeble tongue or pen
Where are the words to utter, when
A nation in her sackcloth lies,
And weeps a President who dies—
From shore to shore, from lake to sea
Just flushed with peace and victory,
And now—the shadow of a crime
Blacker than any known to Time
Darkens the hearth-stone and the hall,
The mansion or the cottage wall,
And thirty million hearts express
Their sorrow and their sore distress.

III.

Our outward grief but faintly shows
How deep the stream of feeling flows;
And words scarce find the faintest sense
[illegible] more intense
By knowledge that our President
In royal purpose and intent
Like "Saul above his fellows" stood
In statesmanship's high rectitude.
So often tempted—ever true—
He followed ways that no man knew,
And through the gloom and through the dark
He bore the Nation's vital spark,
Till Victory's eagles perched above
The banner of Fraternal Love.
We followed where he chose to lead!
We knew him equal to our need!
The love of Union in his breast,
We trusted him with all the rest—
The heritage our fathers gave
Was safe with him, when o'er the wave
It breasted treason dark and dire
Till, purified by flood and fire
It stood transfigured in the land
Upborne by Lincoln's honest hand.

IV.

O name made sacred now by Death!
O name 'gainst which no human breath
Dare fall! while party spite and spleen
Are as if such had never been—
Oh name no purer now to history known,
In honor equal unto Washington,
Where are the laurels green enough for him,
Or where be found a fit funeral hymn?
For sadder grief we could not know
Or darker crime Time cannot show!
And if the nation's pulse beats slow,
In token of its weight of wo,
What wonder that as men we stand
As though a panic ruled the land.

V.

Our chieftain sleeps!
A nation weeps!
And far and near and loud and strong
Its wail of anguish floats along!
A deed so curst
Whose horror burst
As thunder in clear sky of noon
To startle action out of tune—
And make us all as weeping children go,
Wringing our hands and saying, "Is it so?
It cannot, cannot be! such depth of crime
Should mark the annals of this Christian time!"

VI.

For us, who knew [illegible]
No man more true!
For us, whose hands
In closest bands
Had clasped the champion of the hour,
All thoughts are weak!
We cannot speak,
Or twine the wreath
His name beneath,
In memory of the fallen tower
That straight and strong
Against all wrong
Had had held so long
And held so strong
The grand Shekinah of our hope.
When Lincoln fell!
Oh—saddest when—
A nation's knell,
The wail of men,
Went forth along the nation's slope,
And young and old, in field and fold,
Had only tears and only fears
Whose shadow darkens all the years.

VII.

O day so dark!
O form so stark!
O land so sudden desolate!
What wonder that the hand of Fate
Thus seen, we cannot understand,
Or why should fall upon the land
Calamity so dire—so deep—
So sudden that—as if asleep—
It still seems all a dream,
It still seems all a dream!
The President, the President,
Our noble, gallant President,
Our honored, honest President,
Our grand, our glorious President!
Oh day of grief! oh day of pain!
Such day can never come again!

VIII.

As in the desert, in the dark
The camel drivers send across
The sand the sounds that serve to mark
Their safety—or in sign of loss—
And as no words come answering back
From those who wander from the track,
And echo only through the gloom
Sends back the story of their doom—
So, in this desert of our grief,
We call in vain the Nation's Chief!
Lost! to the nation's bitter cost—
Lost! in the hour we [illegible] him most—
And through the gloom and through the night
We cannot catch one gleam of light,
And waiting anxiously and long
We catch alone the sounds that throng
The chamber of the dead, and know at last
All hope has fled—all recognition past—
Then, like these sand-lost travelers we stand
A stricken people and a mourning land.

—Harlem, N. Y., April 19th, 1865.

---

A plenty of April showers are watering the earth, and, if the saying be a truthful one, a plenty of "May flowers" will be the product. The buds are swelling out ready to burst into flowers and foliage; the green grass begins to shoot up in warm spots, and the modest, little blue-eyed violet, will soon emerge from its hiding-place to welcome the advent of spring. For spring—the gentle and charming maiden—is really among us, all smiles one moment, and all tears the next—delightful always—*except* when she *snows*. Welcome Spring!—*Genesee Republic.*

---

Hard.—One of our city Justices remarked in giving an opinion, the other day, that the presumption of law is, that *Justices of the Peace don't know anything*, in which presumption the counsel, against whom the opinion operated, fully concurred so far as related to the tribunal then delivering the opinion. What the Court meant to say, was, that Justice is impartial, and knows nothing of the merits or demerits of the case under consideration any further than the law and evidence declared them. But he hit the thing pretty good, any how, and as an evidence of sound judgment on the part of that particular Court, we place his dictum on record.—*Genesee Republic.*

---

## DISCOURSE

(Supplementary to the address on the occasion of the funeral of the late President Lincoln,)

—in the—

West Meriden Congregational Church, April 23d, 1865.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. HIRAM C. HAYDN.

### *Retributive Justice, under Government, Human and Divine.*

[Reported for the Meriden Recorder.]

Texts—Isaiah, xxviii, 16-18; Romans, xiii, 1-3.

In the ordinary flow of human affairs, the great principles which underlie the government of God and the comfort of society, are liable to be undervalued or entirely forgotten. Extraordinary events and times of political or social revolution set men to digging around the foundations of public security, and thinking upon the causes of public calamity and the sources of social and national stability. Thus, errors of the past are set in clearer light, false theories are exploded, and men are forced to see that to which they were blinded by interest or prejudice. Thus great revolutions of public sentiment are to be accounted for—the sudden decline of popular but ruinous sentiments—the sudden emergence of views, principles, moral and political forces, long held down, and smothered in the interest of selfishness and wrong.

What is more especially to be considered is the fact, that the thinking of men, their institutions and their laws, are thus being brought into closer harmony with the revealed will of God. Men recognize a providence over human affairs. It is seen, that as the highest end and noblest ambition of man is to be godlike, so human affairs best fulfilled their purpose, when carried on with reference to the will of God. The principles of the divine government being well understood, you have a criterion and test of human government. If Justice and Judgment are the habitation of His Throne, then we may be sure that Righteousness and Justice are the stability of nations—and for that reason. If His sceptre is a righteous sceptre, then let all the kings, and princes, and rulers of the earth take heed, for by that sceptre will all their deeds be measured. If God mingles Mercy with Justice, and Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other, so should it be on earth—and laws should be just, and be administered in equity.

Discerning a Providence over the affairs of this nation, we are to read in passing events, and especially in the solemn admonition which comes with our national bereavement, this commanding lesson: God will have Justice enthroned not only in the high places of trust and responsibility, but among the masses of the people. It is ordained in Heaven, the Wicked shall not go unpunished—Crime cannot pass unavenged among men, and government be maintained—virtue must be encouraged, and wrong-doing must meet its just desert, or there is an end of law, order, and public security.

We look back over the History of our Co[illegible] the record is stained by wrongs so grievous, and statutes so unjust, that we cannot believe a righteous God would suffer us to go unpunished. For four years we have been in the crucible. In a measure we have deplored our sins—undone the wrongs of the past, and sought a more just and righteous status of national affairs. But all the while, with a leaning in many quarters, towards the Egypt we have left. This in particular is to be said and noted well. There has been a disposition among those high in power, and widely prevalent among all classes, to wink at the great crime of Treason—to shield its perpetrators—to overlook the atrocity of their guilt, in admiration of generalship, or smartness, or courage. The very audacity of this crime has blinded the people to its blood-red iniquity, and as success crowned our arms, and we saw the dawning of the day of peace, we were quite too willing to forget the past—quite too indifferent to the desert of crime. In our joy over a long and bloody war ended, we were almost willing to welcome back under the ancestral tree, and to all the rights and immunities of citizenship, those murderers of fathers and brothers, the instigators of all this horrid work of devastation and woe. Nay, these very men might have come to this free North, which has sacrificed its hundreds of thousands of noble men, and its hundreds of millions of treasure—to this great North, with its thousands of desolate hearthstones—its widows and orphans in weeds of mourning—its graves of the true and brave, the flower of its manhood—I say these very men, a little time since breathing out threatening and slaughter against us, no whit changed in the spirit of their minds, only in their power to do mischief, might have come to this great, free, magnanimous North, and been received with ovations, toasted and petted and fawned upon by obsequious admirers of Southern chivalry. Yea, it has been said, that a reception for the rebel General Lee had already been thought of, in the city of New York, before the late honored and loved President of the United States was ushered from his high place of power and trust into eternity by the hand of an assassin! Let it suffice for the present, to have traced this significant tendency thus far. Let us catch its real spirit and see where it leads. Nay, let us inquire out of what it grows—for mark you, this sentiment is entertained, not simply by those, who all along have openly expressed their sympathy with the rebellion, but by men loyal and true; men who have prayed and sacrificed to see the day whose dawning has begun. A portion of the public press takes it up and loudly advocates an almost indiscriminate amnesty, with proclamation of pardon, and citizenship restored. It is well understood that the late President, in his kindness of heart, was opposed to dealing roughly with even the chief of these sinners. Since then, this sentiment cannot be traced to disloyalty exclusively, its merits claim a more serious consideration. It will be found, I think, essentially erroneous and pernicious. It indicates in the popular mind, no clearly defined notions of what justice really demands. Furthermore, it will be found to grow largely out of a mistaken notion of what justice requires under the government of God. That view of the divine government which obliterates all moral distinctions, and makes God, essentially disposed alike towards saint and sinner,—which shudders at the bare suggestion that God can punish the sinner for his persistent impenitence—which makes mercy so overshadow justice that there is no room for its exercise—I say, this view of the divine government is one which worms itself into the administration of civil affairs, and is found advocating mercy for the worst of offenders: it is found pitted against capital punishment, and if I mistake not underlies this tendency in loyal hearts to treat with mercy the leaders of this atrocious rebellion. This spirit, I believe, God designed to rebuke, as hostile to His own immaculate sense of Right; as prejudicial to the spiritual interests of men, who need to feel that the principle of eternal rectitude is unbending, and "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap:" as fatal to public serenity and the stability of government!

I glory in the thought that our government has been proven strong enough under God, not only to cope with those who rose up for its overthrow, but strong enough to afford to be magnanimous to its foes. I glory that the charities of the people so freely flow for the relief of suffering, among those misguided ones, whose sons and husbands were so recently in arms against us. This absence of rancor and hate, this flow of generous feeling towards the masses of the South is a sublime spectacle. But when this feeling is carried over to the leaders and conspirators, civil and military, who forswear allegiance to their government, and have carried on this diabolical work, it becomes revolting. It is an outrage upon justice, and a mistaken thrust at the public weal. "Mildness and clemency to traitors, is cruelty to thousands," said General Butler. "The American people must be taught—if they do not already feel—that treason is a crime and must be punished. We must not forget that what may be mercy to the individual is cruelty to the State," said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States! This attitude is defensible by the most irresistible logic.

[The preacher here unfolded the general doctrine of the text, showing, first, how prominent is the attribute of Justice in the administration of Divine Government, over Nations and individuals, in time and in eternity. His dealings with Nations were illustrated by brief references to history, sacred and profane. He then referred to human government as ordained of God, and to rulers as "the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." The administration of Justice by process of law was set over against the vindictive spirit of individuals taking vengeance into their own hands. These principles being duly considered, an application was made to the leaders of the Rebellion, as follows:]

Respecting this assassin, whose bloody band has bereaved the nation of its honored Chief, there is but one sentiment. The highest rewards are offered for his detection. A thousand eyes are searching every nook and corner, and millions of prayers go up to God, for his arrest. Not in vengeance, not in bloodthirstiness, but as the just desert for so horrid a crime, we demand his execution. But why do we single him out from many who are as guilty as he? Can you separate his crime, from the crime of rebellion? Is this terrible outrage to be looked upon as an act of individual madness, for which one man is responsible? I tell you nay. This is but the culmination of a series of crimes so appalling, that the civilized world shrinks back with horror from the sight. This is the ball, which was set rolling, when honorable senators and members of the Cabinet, betrayed their trusts, perjured their souls, and withdrew, to incite the spirit of rebellion and scatter the firebrands of war, and to set up a pretended government upon the territory and in defiance of the authority of the United States. That was treason—and treason is the highest crime. For, aiming at the life of the government, it imperils every interest protected and promoted by government. It endangers life—it breaks up public serenity—and in this instance, has cost hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of treasure, to check and defeat its nefarious designs. Every act consummated by this pretended government being inspired by treason, and in its interest, was also a crime. The assassination of the Chief Magistrate of this nation, and the details of this fiendish plot involving the lives of others high in official position, were only acts in the Great Tragedy. Is it said that the so-called Confederate government gave this foul act no countenance? Even that is not known—and if it were, let me remind you, that under the very eyes of Jefferson Davis and Robert Lee, prisoners of war have been murdered in cold blood—crowded into close and filthy dungeons—left to perish from cold and hunger. They have famished and suffered till delirium came to shake madly their wasted frame,—or idiocy, with its vacant stare, moved about a poor, shaky body on its purposeless errands. For this they were responsible—and so long as you remember Libby Prison, Belle Isle, Salisbury, Andersonville and Florence, say nothing about the statesmanship of Jefferson Davis, or the generalship of Robert Lee. Let such crimes hand them down only to infamy.

Let me remind you, how war, itself terrible enough, has been made doubly revolting by the butchery of our soldiers, by fire and pillage, and by the unspeakable cruelties heaped upon Union men and their families within rebel lines.

Let me remind you of that most nefarious plot to burn the city of New York, and ask you to imagine, for one moment, the horrors of such a plan, and the compass of such a destruction, most mercifully averted.

Let me remind you of wide-spread combinations for most fiendish purposes through out the great Northwest; of intrigue at home and abroad—of piracy on the sea—of the faithlessness and duplicity of the rebel clan—of public journals advertising unrebuked for a million of dollars to secure the assassination of the President, Vice President and Secretary of State.

And is it too much to charge this last act in the tragic drama upon those who are responsible for those acts which have gone before? I name not these things to inflame your passions or excite a vindictive spirit, but to utter a protest against every intimation that such men can go unpunished. You shrink back from the embrace of that man, who stealthily aimed a fatal weapon to take the life of the President, and you say he ought to be hanged. But I ask, what has that wretched murderer done—why should he be singled out as more worthy of death than the Leaders in this Conspiracy? In my judgment, he is comparatively innocent. Pardon these men, and then, in consistency, throw open your prison doors—close your courts of Justice—let every culprit roam at large—tear down every gibbet—and bid crime go on its bloody way unrebuked. Justice is outrage, and Crime is glory!

For the helpless, the ignorant, the victims and tools of this Rebellion, we cannot cherish too forgiving and charitable a spirit. Welcome back the masses of the South to loyalty and citizenship. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, deal gently with the penitent, and bind them with us in one great, free, Christian brotherhood of states. Help them build the altars of our holy faith—send them the living preacher—bear to them the torch of knowledge—let the poor white trash be such no longer, and the poor bondman, taught the duties of citizenship, not only claim but enjoy, all its rights and immunities. Develop the resources of that fertile land, and build up the institutions of learning and religion. Where serfdom has cursed the soil, cursed the people, and nursed the spirit of arrogance, and the aristocracy of laziness, and slave-driving, and slavebreeding, let the nobility of labor be recognized, and the dignity of manhood, and the superiority of free over forced labor. Let it be seen that a negro can be a man, when you cease to treat him as a chattel.

But, "To whom it may concern," [illegible] Of all that debt accumulated in the interest of Treason, *we'll pay not one dime!* And to the head officials of that would-be Confederacy—to members of its Congress—to Generals of its Armies—to Commanders of its infantile Navy and Piratical crafts, say—Get off the soil trod by our Pilgrim Fathers, and consecrated to God and Liberty!—Get off the soil stained by the blood of our martyred heroes!—Get off the soil where sleep our honored dead!—Get off the Continent fanned by the breezes of Freedom and consecrated by a priceless baptism of blood, in the name of civil and religious Liberty! Not a foot of ground but loathes their presence. Not a loyal heart extends to them a greeting. And as the years roll by, and this period of conflict is looked at in the light of history, and the judgment of the world is pronounced upon it, be sure of one thing—These men will sink to deeper and yet more damnable infamy! For such men there ought to be but one alternative *Hemp* or *Exile!* We cannot live on the same soil. We cannot fraternize with the murderers of our sons, brothers and husbands. No, no! Let them have no country, who have despised so great a boon! Exile! exile! Methinks the rocking waves of ocean which sometimes bare their stony breast to the shipwrecked mariner and it grows soft with pity, would bid the waves dash back the bark which bears such cursed freight to their inhospitable shores! Does this language seem strong? O think what this treason has wrought. Confess your impotence to measure this guilt, and acknowledge there is no speech nor language adequate to set forth the enormity of this crime!

How long it has taken to rouse us, is a Nation, to this profound conviction [illegible] to consolidate our strength in [illegible] uncompromising determination to wipe out this rebellion, and put the slaveholders of the south, who are responsible for it, where they can do no more mischief! These years of aggravated cruelty only partially effected it. Not till our President was touched the masses of the people as no other man did—of the people and feeling every pulse of their mighty heart—not till he fell a victim of its fiendish spirit, was this grand result achieved.

As this funeral train winds its way along to the resting-place of honored dust—as strong men bow themselves and weep—as high and low, rich and poor, bond and free mingle in the sublime homage paid to the honored dead, they will turn back chastened, thoughtful, pondering the solemn lesson of this hour, "The righteous God loveth righteousness"—"the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." We shall come forth from the grief of this hour, a stronger, purer, manlier nation. God is teaching us how to mingle judgment with mercy. In Abraham Lincoln we had the personation of mercy. In Andrew Johnson we see the personation of justice. Let them meet, till the land shall have rest in the permanent adjustment of all the great questions which challenge the attention of statemen and test the wisdom of the mightiest intellects.

I am especially concerned at this moment, that all who hear me should not fail to draw a personal lesson from this overwhelming calamity. O let us incarnate within us, young and old, the highest principles of Justice and righteousness. Let them shine forth in the commonest affairs of this life. Let this sentiment be so diffusive as the light, till children shall feel it and grow strong by it—till youth shall wrap it about as a mantle and glory in it as a safeguard, till manhood shall be ennobled by it, and official position and the mart of business be redeemed from this reproach. Let the people demand, as with the voice of many waters coming up in a sublime accord, that rulers shall be a terror to evil doers, and for the praise of those who do well.

And this lesson of Providence has a higher bearing still. At the Tribunal of a righteous God we must all stand to give account. O think, what this sentiment of Justice, which glows in your heart towards this fearful crime, means as respects your future. How shall we stand before Him in whose sight the Heavens are unclean? How shall we answer Him for one of a thousand of our transgressions? The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin. But what if we have rejected that Christ, and spurned that Sacrifice. What if we are still in our sins, and that great guilt still rests upon us. Shall He who so outraged mercy, and goodness, and clemency in the person of the late President, be deemed worthy of the extreme penalty of the law? "Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace."

---

Our New President.—"Abraham Lincoln is dead and there is no law in the land," seemed to think many depraved men on Saturday last. "The King is dead—long live the King!" Abraham Lincoln has gone to his reward. Andrew Johnson, who escaped the assassin by the same providence which removed our late President, has been legally sworn into office as President of the United States. Although he has not yet won our love and affection as President Lincoln did, we acknowledge his great abilities, and have faith in his honesty of purpose and patriotism, and confidence that he will administer the government with wisdom. Long live the President!—*Norwalk Gazette.*


# The Meriden Recorder.


LOYAL PEOPLE, EVERYWHERE, WITH ONE VOICE DECLARE, THAT NO LENIENCY SHALL BE SHOWN THE REBEL LEADERS—*THEY WILL NOT HUG TO THEIR BOSOMS THE SERPENTS WHICH HAVE STUNG THEM—THEY WILL NOT INVITE IN TO THE GLORIOUS FEAST OF RETURNING PEACE THE RED-HANDED MEN WHO HAVE DESOLATED OUR HOMES AND FILLED SOUTHERN SOIL WITH THE GRAVES OF UNION HEROES—TO-DAY THIRTY MILLION LOYAL MEN AND WOMEN PROCLAIM* **DEATH OR BANISHMENT** TO BE THE FATE WHICH AWAITS THE LEADING CONSPIRATORS WHO HAVE INVOLVED OUR MOURNING COUNTRY IN ITS FEARFUL FRATRICIDAL WAR!


WEST MERIDEN, APRIL 26th, 1865.


### Our Joshua.

As Moses, who brought the children of Israel out of the land of bondage, and through the waters of the Red Sea to the very borders of the land of Canaan, was not permitted to accompany his people into their promised inheritance, but the Lord raised up a Joshua to be their leader,—so the Moses of modern times, who, after four years of unremitting toil and anxiety, environed with enemies at home and abroad, through his wise ministrations, and under God, aided by the patriotism of a people whose confidence in their leader never failed, was permitted to live only to see the wicked and gigantic slaveholders' rebellion overthrown, and in the eastern horizon to catch a far-off glimpse of the rising sun which was about to usher in the glorious dawn of an honorable and permanent peace.

But the Lord has raised up to his people a second Joshua, in the person of Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a man upon whom has descended the mantle of the great leader of Israel, and who will conduct the Lord's peculiar people triumphantly into the occupation of the promised land. Having been brought to the very borders of the land that floweth with milk and honey, he has, like his great scriptural prototype, but to enter in, and driving out from before him the idolatrous heathen, take full possession.

The United States of America, among all her public men has not one who would bring to her service a higher sense of his responsibilities, a sounder judgement in regard to her interests, or a firmer purpose in the maintenance of her honor and the promotion of her welfare, than our new President. His mind and character have been largely developed and fixed from a twenty years' warfare as a "poor white" against the oppressing slaveholding-aristocracy of the south. Against the impediments which he everywhere encountered in this long struggle, and which he always overcome, he could not have succeeded as he has done were he not [illegible]ssessed of great natural qualities, self-re[illegible]nce, high-moral courage, and a resolute will. At the hands of southern rebels and disloyalists he has suffered grievously—both in his person, his property and his family relations. There is in the country no man more thoroughly patriotic, more devoted to the cause of the Union, or who has done the Union prouder service at greater personal sacrifice than President Johnson. He has been in the very depths and whirlpool of secession, and held his ground, from first to last, like a man. At a time when all men's hearts forsook them, and when the treachery of James Buchanan, and the scarcely disguised vacillation of President Lincoln and some of his advisers, and the course of a large portion of the public press all combined to render it extremely doubtful whether any active opposition would be offered to the formation of a slave confederacy, Andrew Johnson, in his place in the United States Senate, denounced Jeff. Davis and the other southern traitors to their faces, and maintained that the American people would never submit to disunion and dismemberment. Speaking from the desk adjoining that occupied by Jeff. Davis, and almost shaking his finger in the face of the arch-traitor, he exclaimed, "*If I were president of the United States I would arrest you as traitors—I would try you as traitors—and if convicted I would by the Eternal, hang you as traitors.*" Subsequently he resisted all the blandishments of the chivalry and abandoned house, home, property, and everything for the Union, and he has ever been true to his record.

President Johnson, in a speech delivered a few weeks ago, said, "In my opinion *evil doers should be punished!*" While he is not a man to allow a sense of personal wrong, such as he has received from the hands of the rebels, to sway his judgement or control his actions in a great national emergency, he is a believer in the doctrine that *justice towards traitors* is to be tempered with no mercy—and therefore the conspirators and principal leaders in the Great Slaveholders' Rebellion of America have nothing to expect from his hands but *strict justice*—and that in the form of three feet of hempen rope.

*Real Estate Changes.*—A piece of land purchased by Andrew Stockberger, from John C. Pietel, for $800. A piece of land containing about one-quarter of an acre, with buildings thereon, from Timothy Harrington to Catherine O'Neill, for $1,100. A tract of wood land, comprising about forty-three acres, in the northeast part of the town, from Benjamin H. Rice to Lucy J. Ives, for $600. A small tract of land from Frederick Hess to Henry W. Saltonstall, for $200. One-quarter of an acre of land from James McMahon to Thomas Kelley, for $150. One-quarter of an acre of land, with buildings thereon, from Lucius P. Chamberlin to Lydia Breckenridge, for $650. A building lot from Joseph Morse to Fanny Beach, for $275. A piece of land, twelve rods more or less, from Jarvis C. Howard to Bela Carter, for $100. The small building with land, between Meriden House block and Recorder Office, from Jared P. Parker to Norman C. Hall, for $3,000. [We understand that Mr. Hall will erect a large building on the site, for the grocery business.] A dwelling house with one-quarter of an acre of land, near William A. Foskett's, from Charles Parker to Henry J. Keeney, for $2,500.

A fact worth knowing is that Williams's is the place to buy goods cheap. There is where you can buy the best Merrimack prints at twenty-five cents per yard, and to every ten yards he will give in hooks and eyes and a spool of thread. Of course you will go to Williams's.

## A Chiel his Walk About Town.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

### Religious Items.

Miss Markham's rendering of that grand old solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," so solemn and so beautiful, at the Corner Church, last Sabbath morning, was very excellent.

A discourse commemorative of the—"Honored Dead who have fallen in the National Service," and bearing on the recent National bereavement, will be delivered by Rev. Henry A. Cordo, at the First Baptist Church next Sabbath evening, at 7 o'clock. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Now that the war is substantially closed, the Pastor of the Universalist church will, on next Sunday afternoon, will commence a short series of sermons on the "Moral and Religious Lessons of the Rebellion."

The Rt. Rev. John Williams, Bishop of this Diocese, will hold a visitation at the Episcopal Church, in this town, next Sunday afternoon, at which time the rite of Confirmation will be administered.

The Rev. Hiram Powers, of Hartford, General Agent for the State of Connecticut, of the United States Sanitary Commission, addressed upwards of a thousand of our citizens, at the Town Hall, last Sunday evening, in behalf of the Commission.

We have a report of the admirable funeral discourse, preached by the Rev. Frederick Brown, in the Methodist Church, last Sabbath afternoon, but are compelled to defer its publication until next week. The text was, II Samuel, iii, 38: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

The West Meriden Congregational Church are contemplating changing their order of Sunday services, dispensing with the afternoon meeting and having preaching morning and evening.

### Local Brevities.

The attention of Union Guards is called to a "warning" voice which addresses them from another column.

We are informed by the United States Assessor for this District, that there are in Meriden five hundred persons liable to pay a government tax, and although such parties are liable to a fine if their lists are not handed in before the first Monday in May, as yet less than fifty have complied with this requirement of the law.

The Fair and Festival of the West Meriden Baptist Society, at the Town Hall, last week, proved a big success. Upwards of six hundred dollars was realized. The money will be devoted to the building of a new church. The entertainment was in all respects an enjoyable one. We desire to acknowledge personal courtesies at the hands of the committee. The World-Renowned Sorcerer, Juggler and Magician, Signor Williamus Augustus Baconabus, performed many wonderful feats, to the great astonishment of all beholders.

Mr. Charles R. Potter, the picture-framer, has the past week sold upwards of one hundred engraved portraits of the Martyred President.

Wheeler, the Photographer, has a fine negative, reduced in size, of the universally admired full-length engraving of the Martyred President, which hangs in the recess over the pulpit of the West Meriden Congregational Church.

At a meeting of Charter Oak Engine Company, last Friday evening, the foreman, Mr. Charles H. Warner, presented the company with a large and elegantly-framed photograph of the company as it appeared last Wednesday, in line in front of the engine-house, after returning from parade. Mr. Warner made a handsome little presentation speech. He said: "Here, boys, is your picture!" The secretary, Robert I. Couch, Esq., responded, in behalf of the company, in a happy and felicitous manner. Wheeler took the picture.

Gas is being introduced into the West Meriden Congregational Church.

The summer term of the Meriden Academy, H. S. Jewett, principal, and of the West Meriden High School, J. A. Kellogg, principal, commenced last Monday, each with a large catalogue of pupils.

In the Junior Department of the Corner High School, last term, there were nine scholars out of fifty, who were not absent or tardy during the term. They were: Thomas Linsley, Charles Powers, Michael Roche, Leonard Savage, Emma Coe, Julia Flagg, Mary Hubbard, Ellen Sanderson, Lizzie Walker.

A portion of the old Britannia Factory, in the East District, 18 by 30 feet was yesterday moved to the Corner District, a distance of three miles, in so many hours. Waldo C. Twiss had the engineering of the job. The building was placed on wheels, and eighteen yoke of oxen were employed.

### To Correspondents.

"True Love Better than Wealth," is the title of an entertaining story, by Miss Lizzie J. Barlow, which will be commenced next week. We have received about a dozen poems on the death of President Lincoln. As among these many pieces we must select from the number those which suit us best,—Poetry predominates in our "drawer." Good prose articles, whether stories or sketches, are always acceptable. We have a score of regular poetical contributors, who have for years figured in the best prints of the land—and it is rarely that we find room for the versifications of others, and never, without their contributions are meritorious.—For want of space, this week, we leave over several columns of advertisements, editorial and miscellaneous matter now in type—and among these, the communication of J. H. F.

### Decorations of the Town.—Concluded.

Center Baptist Church—plainly but expensively and elegantly draped—black broadcloth curtains covering entire recess back of pulpit, (with wide frill of the same) looped up on either side with broad white satin ribbons—pulpit entirely covered with black broadcloth, with broadcloth frill and large cord covered with white satin, forming border.

Methodist Church—tastefully draped—broadcloth and white muslin forming an arch over pulpit, extending down and partly around in festoons, and dropping to the floor. In recess back of pulpit a draped engraving of the Emancipation Proclamation, surrounded by a large flag, draped and hung in festoons. Surmounting the whole, a painted portrait of the late President.

Mr. George W. Rogers, the West Meriden postmaster, we believe is entitled to the credit of being the first person in Meriden to display mourning emblems on hearing of the death of President Lincoln. His office was elegantly draped, Saturday morning, and a full-length portrait of Mr. Lincoln, also draped in mourning, and labeled "The Martyr-er President," was displayed, to the admiration of hundreds.

A. Willimsle—an illuminated placard, bearing the words: "Honest Abe has gone to a better world. We mourn his loss."

A. P. Curtiss—mourning crape tastefully festooned over front door.

C. P. Kirtland—mourning crape on front door knob.

We understand that Messrs. Tompkins, Fisk, and the other gentlemen who draped the Meriden House, last Wednesday.

Musical Festival.—At a meeting of the Committee, consisting of the following persons—Messrs. H. S. Jewett, E. D. Everitt, P. Hall, W. C. Loomis and Eli Merriman, also Miss Sarah A. Markham Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Miss Josie G. Lyman, Miss Alice H. Williams and Miss E. B. Chamberlain. The following Committees of Arrangements were appointed.

*Printing*: Mr. Eli Merriman.
*Oysters, Coffee and Ice Cream*: W. C. Loomis.
*Cake and Candy*: Miss Josie G. Lyman, Miss Alice H. Williams.
*Floral Arbor*: Miss Sarah A. Markham, Miss Jennie Merriman, Miss Katie Burrows.
*For procuring lumber and building tables*: Mr. M. G. Wilder, Mr. E. A. Hilliard.
*For procuring Evergreens*: Mr. E. E. Allen.
*For procuring a Piano*: Dr. Edward Miller.
*Lemonade*: Mr. Smith Clark.
*For Selling Tickets*: Mr. A. D. Preston.
*For taking Tickets*: N. B. Bull.
*Picture Gallery*: E. B. Everitt, Dr. Wilson, H. S. Jewett, P. Hall, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Miss E. B. Chamberlain.
*Music*: T. T. Mansfield, E. C. Allen, E. B. Everitt, W. C. Miss Sarah A. Markham, Maria Foster.
*For inviting Mr. Atkins of Hanover, to make sing on the occasion.*
Also, voted: That the "Harmonians be [illegible]

This Musical Festival and Promenade Concert, is to be holden at the Town Hall, on the evening of the 16th of May, for the benefit of the Musical Association.

H. S. JEWETT, Chairman.

Meriden Musical Association.—It will be remembered by the friends of the Association, that owing to the unpleasant weather on the evening of the last Concert, the receipts were not sufficient to pay the large expense unavoidably incurred in its preparation. The Association now propose to hold a Festival on Tuesday evening, May 16th, from which they hope to realize a fund sufficient to pay their indebtedness. It is hoped that all members and all citizens who wish to see this Association maintained will interest themselves in the matter. The Committee having it in charge design making this the best entertainment of the season.

Notice.—Charles R. Potter furnishes all of the best portraits of Lincoln, also Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and others. Both large and small sizes, to suit purchasers. Ritchie's and Buttre's beautiful large size portrait of Lincoln, framed complete and in good style, with fine finished Rustic or Plain Frames for $3.50 Small size $1.75 Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Farragut and Horace Greeley, by the same engravers. Same size and style, $3.50 Small size $1.50 My new Rustic Frames are superior to any that are made elsewhere and for finish and neatness can't be beat. They will bear inspection and I invite you to see them. I sell them as cheap as the poor frames now in market. N. B. Photograph artists and others supplied. I shall have in a few days a very handsome oval or octagon frame for photographs. Pictures of all kinds procured and for sale at city prices. Special photographs of large size. Small cards of Lincoln, Generals and officers in the army. Fancy cards from the best artists in Boston and New York. Pictures of all sizes framed at moderate prices, and with neatness. Orders received at the clothing store of J. Levy, and D. F. Southwick's shoe store.

Chaplain Eaton's Remains.—A painful rumor has been for the past week current here, to the effect that Chaplain Eaton's remains were on board the transport "General Lyon," burnt on its passage from North Carolina. We believe there is no foundation for the statement. Lieut.-Col. Atwell, of Mr. Eaton's regiment, writes us under date of the 28th ult.—later, we believe than the sailing of the "General Lyon"—as follows:

"I wrote you a few days ago that Mr. Eaton was dead and would be buried here. Since then we have had him embalmed, and his body is now ready to sent north. We could not get a metallic coffin, but have put him in the best we could get and then that inside of another, both lined with White Lead, and the box packed with charcoal. Doctor thinks it will keep for three months. It will be sent in care of Hon. O. H. Platt."

Lieut. Augur's remains, which were forwarded from New Berne nearly two months since, have not yet arrived. Our own opinion is, that both Lieut. Augur's, and Chaplain Eaton's remains are in New York, awaiting orders of friends.

## Meriden Business Directory.

Our Merchants.—The advertising columns of The Recorder of to-day show that our merchants are receiving lots of new and seasonable goods, which they offer at reduced prices. No man or woman need go out of town for fashionable or staple dry goods, millinery, groceries, and all the comforts of life—to say nothing of intellectual aliment for the mind. Encourage the home market.

Our Democratic neighbor, A. C. Markham, invites the attention of the public to an extra quality of flour which he has just now in store. It is of the most perfect satisfaction he don't ask anything for it.

Who would wear a "shocking bad hat," when an elegant new tile can be purchased at I. Butler & Co.'s, for half what it is worth, and the hat-band thrown in? Who would? If any so base let him speak.

The new Spring stock just purchased by I. C. Lewis & Bro., is arriving by carloads. The stock is a *smooger*—an exceedingly large one, and as choice as large. I. C. Lewis & Bro., are going to sell their goods very low this Spring.

John Ives, opposite the Meriden Post Office, is receiving a large and *entirely new* stock of carpets, oil cloths and mattings, which have been bought since the decline in prices and which will be sold low. He wishes to show these goods to Meriden buyers as his assortment is an excellent one and his prices reasonable.

"Loomis's brand" is now extant—it has been extant about two days—and it "takes" beautifully. "Loomis's brand" of hats and caps knock all other brands higher than Gilderoy hung his bacon—and Loomis will sell very low this run of shad.

Southwick, in Union Block, is filling up his capacious quarters with Spring goods, to which he invites examination. There are none that can compete with Southwick in the boot and shoe business—nary.

I. B. Klock has gone to Gotham for a smashing stock of drugs, medicines, chemicals, &c., all of which will be here this week, and ready for delivery. Klock buys heavy this time, and is bound to get a big stock of goods most needed in the Meriden market!

For right down nastiness in a muddy time the valley under the Hanging Hills can't be successfully competed with. It's mortal—and Meriden's been in the hight of it a few days past! A mud embargo seems to have been laid on our town. The roads are nearly impassable—but the stock of provisions at Lewis's and Keiser's, and the Union Store, is sufficient to enable us to hold out a few days longer!

We call attention to the card of Mrs Couch in another column of this paper. Mrs. Couch is one of our old residents, and our women folks will find her goods and prices all right.

Loomis has recieved the last package of his new boots and shoes, and if it isn't a beauty, we are no judge of shoe leather. We never saw finer work, more genteel styles, a larger assortment, or more seasonable prices.

There are merchant tailoring establishments in Hartford, where purchasers get their money's worth and right change back. Whittlesey & Co's, on Asylum street, is one of these spots. In size and variety of stock they ask no odds of the best of them, in competition, while their prices are so low that none who want goods fail to leave without them. They are rattling off their Spring stock very rapidly, and are offering great bargains.

A fine rain, last Tuesday night moistened the bosom of mother earth very muchly. It will be highly conducive to peace in the family—especially on washing days! And here we are reminded that F. J. Wheeler has a fine assortment of Patent Clothes Wringers—just the thing to squeeze out the water and save a woman's strength and your nice clothes at the same time.

As building, on quite a scale, has already commenced here, builders should understand that they can buy their lumber, shingles, lath, lime, cement, paints, oils, glass doors, sashes and blinds, cheaper at Hubbard Brothers, Middletown, than at any other place in the state. They should also understand that Hubbard Brothers have a better stock than can be found anywhere else in this section. They have also for sale Linseed Oil, White Lead, Blue, Black, Green and Yellow Paints, ground in oil, paint and whitewash brushes all at panic prices!

Of course, everybody and their women folks have been in to see Charles Parker's new Spring stock, and there is no need of our urging the people to do so; but we will take occasion to say that Parker is selling his goods at prices that are bound to win the trade. We suppose it is all right—no doubt of it—but it is a little surprising how he manages to sell so low. He must have been very fortunate in buying, which more than likely's not is the secret of the whole thing.

Meridians who are fond of good living, whether it be at the Corner or at the Center, will feel an interest in what Pierpont, of fish market fame, has to say to them in a new advertisement this week. Pierpont publishes "good news of great joy" to all the people. He is determined to furnish fish, oysters, lobsters, &c., to the million, at low prices—in short, to do the handsome thing by his customers, or burst open in trying. We hope he *won't* burst! Pierpont gives his personal attention to buying and selling—gives seventeen ounces for a pound—thirty-three quarts for a bushel—thirteen eggs, alewives, and lobsters for a dozen—and spares no pains or expense to supply the public with just as good fish and other sea food as the country affords. Fact! And his market is fixed up in apple-pie order, and things are running smoothly. Fact number two!!

Specie Payment Resumed.—Our mailing-clerk was very muchly astonished yesterday by a customer who called at the counting-room to purchase two copies of The Recorder. Upon receiving them he deposited upon the desk two silver half dimes. [illegible] here was no doubt of his sanity, from the fact that he wanted to purchase Recorders, but he departed suddenly, as though he doubted the propriety of the payment. The curious can see the coin by calling at this office, and be assured that the matter is a reality, and no wicked cheat!

The Demonstration in Norwalk.—A correspondent in Norwalk, writing under date of the 20th inst., says: "We had a long procession here yesterday, and as I walked it and thought of its counterpart in every city and village all over our land, I wondered if ever lived, or would live another man who could win so entirely the popular heart. I listened to a good sermon from the text:—'But I must die in this land, I must not go over Jordan; but ye shall go over and possess that good land.' Deut. iv, 22. When I saw the procession, the band at the head was playing Pleyel's Hymn. Then followed the Norwalk Military Company and a part of the 18th Regt. Then the Catafalque drawn by twelve handsome horses, each led by a negro, and with eight pall bearers. Next in order came a dozen close carriages. Then the Hook and Ladder Company, Fire Company, Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance and St. Joseph's Benevolent Association. Then the carriages and crowds on foot[illegible] along the route of the procession were nearly all draped. A monument in the window of one of our stores was said to be more beautiful than any emblem in New York. It was certainly very chaste and elegant."

*Quite a Coming Down.*—The secesh in Hartford who publicly gloried over the assassination of the President, and in consequence got their names into the papers, are now apologizing by declaring their demonstrations to be "only a joke!" A young man in Stamford, whose employer discharged him for a like cause, publishes the following card in the *Advocate*:

"Being in Mr. Fox's store on Saturday morning last, on the reception of the news of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, I gave utterance to an expression in relation to that sad event, for which I am now heartily sorry; and I hereby make this apology to an outraged public for my hasty and unfeeling remarks on that occasion. E. Mack."

### MARRIED.

TYLER—WATERMAN.—In this town, (Hanover District,) on the 23d inst., by the Rev. H. C. Haydn, Lieut. L. E. Tyler, of the 1st Conn. Cavalry, and Miss Ruetta A., daughter of Captain R. Waterman, of the 15th Conn. Vols.

### DIED.

ADAMS.—In this town, on the 20th inst., Adams, aged 60 years.

FELIX.—In this town, on the 22d inst., Philippe, son of Theodore and Eunice Felix, 10 months and 7 days.

BLAKE.—In this town, on the 22d inst., wife of Robert Blake, aged 34 years.

COE.—In this town, on the 23d inst., Mary A., only child of Wilfield and Mary E. Coe, 3 years and 5 months.

HALL.—In this town, on the 24th inst., John Hall, aged 79 years.

### LIST OF LETTERS

remaining uncalled in the Post Office, at Meriden, State of Conn., April, 25th 1865.

| | |
|---|---|
| Allen Henry F. | Miner James |
| Clark Mrs. Joseph | Parker J. W. |
| Duff Mrs. Rosan | Roberts mrs. Eliza H |
| Foster Eliza A. | Reed William S. |
| Goodspeed Aleck | Shaw mrs. Susan S. |
| Gage Sarah | Smith Henry W. |
| McGregor Mrs. Maria | Tuttle mrs. Calista A. |
| Mathers Henry F. | West S. B. S. |
| Mulch ay Michael | White Charlotte B. |

— Persons calling for the above letters will please say "Advertised."

A. H. CURTIS, Postmaster.

### LIST OF LETTERS

remaining unclaimed in the Post-Office, at West Meriden, State of Connecticut, April 25th, 1865:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bradley mrs. Addie | Coe S. M. & Son |
| Dillon Bridget | Grow Walter |
| Ennis Anne | Hull William B. |
| Nettleton mrs. Albert R. | Seadbeate J. J. |
| Murray mrs. John J. | Lennox Richard |
| Prrker mrs. Luman | Murphy Barney |
| Williams Mattie | Miles Frank |
| Atkins John | McGwane Patrick |
| Brown J. D. | Biggs Arthur |
| Briggs J. W. | Roberts Charles S. |
| Beach L. Jr. | Roberts Horace R. |
| Corydon William | |

— Persons calling for the above letters will please say "Advertised," and give date when advertised.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Postmaster.

### Sidewalks and Yard Walks.

The undersigned having purchased the right of laying the Patent Composition Walk, is prepared to execute orders for the same. An experienced and competent man will superintend its laying, and all work will be warranted. It is well known that, when properly laid, this walk is, for utility and durability, unsurpassed. Orders are respectfully solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

36tf J. H. FLEMMING.

*District of Meriden, ss. Probate Court,* April 24th, 1865.

Estate of PATRICK DUFF, late of Meriden, in said district, deceased.

The Court of Probate for the district of Meriden hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof, for the creditors of said estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be debarred a recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

36w3 ROSANNAH DUFF, Administratrix.

### Union Guard.

In pursuance of special Orders, No. 4, you are hereby warned to appear at the Armory, Wednesday, May 3d, at 7 o'clock, p. m., in full uniform, armed and equipped as the law directs, for regimental parade, review and inspection, to be held at Hartford. Per order

E. W. BLISS, Captain Commanding.

J. V. ADAMS, 1st Sergeant. 36w1

### Union Guard.

In pursuance of Special Orders, No. 5, you are hereby warned to appear at the Armory, Friday April 28th, at 7 p. m., in full uniform, armed and equipped as the law directs, for the purpose of inspection, exercise and drill, and target practice.

Per order E. W. BLISS, Captain Commanding.

J. V. Adams, 1st Sergeant. 36w1

### Wanted.

A situation as Housekeeper, by a young American lady. Widower's family preferred. Good references given. Address, for one week, EMMA L. CORBIN.

36

### For Sale.

A House and Lot on the Old Colony Road, opposite Mr. Wilcox's. Enquire on the premises.

36w3 FRANCIS ROWLEY.

### Lost.

A bunch of four brass keys secured on a small steel chain. A liberal reward will be paid for the same if left at the Recorder Office. 36

### Wood!

Wood of all kinds, and straw by the bundle can be bought low for cash of

A. E. CAMP.

## GOLD AT $1.25!

### RICHMOND IS TAKEN!

# Lee Surrendered!

And THE WAR virtually at an end.
I believe gold ought to be as low as $1.25.
And soon will be. Not to be behind the times, I have determined to sell

### FISH, CLAMS, LOBSTERS,

and all kinds of Sea Food, at

### REDUCED PRICES!

All who wish to sell can get their money's worth, at the New Fish Market in New Union Block. Give me a call and see for yourselves.

36tf E. F. PIERPONT.

## Express.

I shall have an Express Wagon at L. Birdsey's up-town, at 8 o'clock, a. m. and call there occasionally during the day for express goods and baggage. (36tf) J. M. BARTLETT.